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# SLAYER OF DATTO ALI

## Lieut. Remington of the 22nd Was the Man.

The 22nd regiment of infantry which passed through Honolulu yesterday on the transport Sherman has had a fine record in the Moro country, and it is due to the energetic officers and soldiers of that regiment that the outlaw Datto Ali, one of the most powerful leaders of the insurgents, was killed and his band dispersed.

A provisional company of the 22nd commanded by First Lieutenant West and seconded by Lieut. Remington, pursued the outlaw and cornering him a fierce engagement ensued. It is said by men aboard the transport that Lieut. Remington's rifle picked off the Datto.

"Oh, yes, the Lieutenant cut a notch in his revolver just to keep a record of the killing of the Datto," said a soldier.

### SUNDAY CONCERT AT MAKEE ISLAND

The Hawaiian band will give a public Sunday concert this afternoon, January 7, at 3 o'clock, at Makee Island:

- PART I.
- "The Old Hundred."
  - Overture—"The King's Lieutenant".....T.H.
  - Chorus—"Tannhauser".....Wagner
  - Intermezzo—"Cavalleria Rusticana".....Puccini
  - .....Mascagni
  - Selection—"Jerusalem".....Verdi
- PART II.
- Vocal—Hawaiian Songs, arr. by Berger
  - Mrs. N. Alapai
  - Selection—"Belle of Bohemia".....Englander
  - .....Englander
  - Chorus—"The Skies Resound".....Beethoven
  - "March of Our Nation".....Geibel
  - "The Star Spangled Banner."

IN HILO. The rain it raineth every day, Upon the just and unjust fellows; But chiefly on the just because The unjust takes the just's umbrellas. —Hilo Tribune.

### THE TRANSPLANTING OF MRS. SING

Continued from Page 7.) present, and he must have been greatly wrought up to have said anything. One morning, I got a nice note from Lieutenant Scarborough, of the Monarch, inviting Glover and me to an afternoon reception on board his man-of-war. Glover could not go, but I accepted and everybody was there that I knew.

Mrs. Sing looked very pretty and youthful in white duck, carrying a white silk parasol, and I remember thinking how well she was learning to wear her clothes. And, of course, Charlie was there. He greeted her at once, her olive cheeks blushing with pleasure, and forthwith made himself useful in her behalf, in regard to steamer chairs and ices, in a conspicuous isolation.

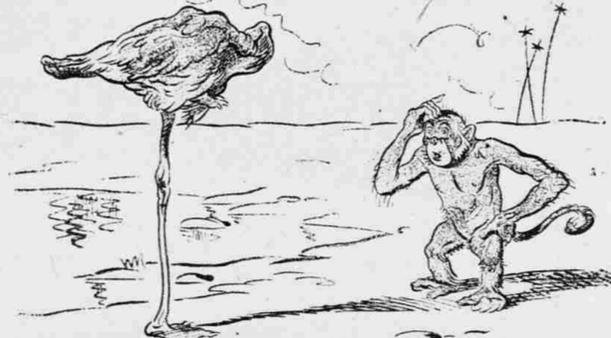
But a tug arriving half an hour later brought someone else, too—Beatrice Hargrave!

The whole state of affairs was hideously inappropriate. I heard afterwards that Trix, arriving unexpectedly in town, and meeting Lieutenant Scarborough on the street, had been asked informally.

The circumstances were certainly very nearly dramatic. Beatrice's black eyes took things in at a glance. Perhaps she arrived unexpectedly on purpose. One could never be quite certain about her. But she never betrayed herself for a moment. She nodded pleasantly to Charlie, and her gay laughter and bright talk drew a circle of men about her as usual.

Charlie Bent simply looked sick. He tried to be all attention to Mrs. Sing, but the contrast of her gentle stupidity and monotonous sweetness, and Trix's glowing, fascinating vividness, must, all at once have become sharply obvious. Charlie had been very much devoted to Beatrice, and he was not to blame for the tricks that human nature plays in the game of propinquity. His eyes would travel, in spite of him, to the lively circle of which Trix was the center. I divined that never until that moment had he realized the extent of his complication with Mrs. Sing. Probably it has been shown clearly enough that he was not given to analysis.

And little Mrs. Sing! She began to fade away, like one of her own del-



PERPLEXED. The Monk (looking at sleeping flamingo)—That can't be the person who asked me to wake him at six;—I feel sure that he had two legs and a head!

cate lilies, cut from its stalk and left to fade in the sun. Her very clothes seemed to shrink, like the withering of a petal. She looked wistfully at Charlie, as he in turn glanced toward the vivacious group, then gazed with demure sadness in her lap, as he turned again to her. It never seemed to occur to her to assume any gayer spirits than those she really felt. Probably Beatrice herself suffered as keenly, but her pride upheld her.

We danced to the music of the native quintet club, and as we rested, someone called me to come forward and look at the sunset. As the clouds massed themselves superbly upon the horizon, we watched the western sky, glowing in a thousand beautiful tints, until the sun was gone, then gave our wandering attention to the little native boys in the water, who were crying for a last nickel for which to dive.

Presently, I was ashamed for him, the act was so gauche, so terribly inexcusable, considering their isolation. Charlie, who evidently could bear the state of things no longer, hastily excused himself to Mrs. Sing, and sought out Beatrice, who was alone for a moment.

She turned pale as she looked up and saw him by her side. He seemed unwilling to leave her; there were some words, but Beatrice, though impulsive with the warmth of her mother's race, had a will of her own, and would not allow herself to lose her self-control. Lieutenant Scarborough sat down beside Mrs. Sing, and endeavored to engage her wandering attention, but she seemed to have no thought of concealing her emotion and cowered in the half-gloom. I am sure that only feminine delicacy kept her from sending for Charlie, or herself from obeying the impulse to seek his side where she had been so long welcome. Suddenly, however, she leaned forward, bringing her face into the glare of the ship's lights. Her features wore a strained white look, as she fixed her eyes intently on her companion's.

What could it be that he was telling her? Alas! He knew both Beatrice and Charlie well and he was stupid!

Then I forgot them, as we turned our eyes to view the twinkling lights of the Japanese fishermen on the distant reefs.

A small diver, unafraid in the darkened waters, claimed our attention, when suddenly we heard a cry. Everybody on the upper deck ran to the side whence the sound had come. Somebody cried: "Mrs. Sing!"

As the crowd parted, I caught sight of the white face of Charlie Bent at Beatrice's side. Then I gazed at Beatrice, fascinated. She stood stiff and white, her great eyes staring straight before her. She never moved but her parted lips looked as if they would cry out. Then I saw what they all saw.

There, silhouetted against the darkness, balancing herself on the ship's rail, stood little Mrs. Sing. She was clinging to a rope, and as we held our breath, scarcely realizing her fearful intent, she turned toward us a very white face, dimly to be seen by the ship's lamps. Then she let go, seeming for one brief second to balance herself, in her perilous position. Next moment a figure, rising up out of the darkness, crept and crawled toward her, and her husband laid firm hold of her.

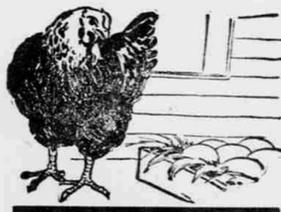
I had not seen him come aboard, and he must have been below, all afternoon, possibly playing cards. How he ever came to arrive at precisely that moment, heaven only knows! But there he was, blessed in our minds for having saved the occasion from being a ghastly one. He was imperturbable, of course, with the Chinese imperturbability, and was as gentle and unruffled and non-committal as if he were taking part in some social affair, instead of being the hero in a tragic set of circumstances out there in the night.

Of course everybody at once set about pretending very hard not to have noticed anything. But nobody, I think, could forget that awful picture, and the still awfuller thing averted.

The Sings at once disappeared. They did not go back with us in our tug at eight o'clock. And Mrs. Burke told me, next day, that Captain Bell, opening a cabin door by mistake, surprised them, the woman crying like a child in the arms of her husband, who was comforting her as if she were indeed a child, a child with a broken toy; an example forever to more exacting if less pagan husbands.

"You have a child, I believe?" asked the manager of the stylish boarding-house. "Yes; three years old," replied the mother, gazing through her lorgnette. "She will have to eat at another table with the nurse." "But my dog, may I bring him to the table with me?" "Oh, yes, there's no sort of objection to the dog!"—Yonkers Statesman.

A soldier had been wounded in the face. A man asked him in which battle he had been injured. "In the last battle of Bull Run," he replied. "But how could you get hit in the face at Bull Run?" "Well, sir," said the man, apologetically, "after I had run a mile or two I got careless and looked back."



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### IN A JAP COURT.

While in Yokohama, a Japanese sailor was arrested for assaulting a jinrikisha man.

The English-Japanese court-room was crowded and, the parties being Japanese, a wise old Japanese magistrate presided. The polite old Japanese wore sandals, a kimono and a silk hat. Putting on his glasses he looked solemnly at the culprit and the examination commenced.

"Why did you strike the jinrikisha man?"

"He told me impolitely."

"What does he told you impolitely?"

"He insulted me, saying loudly—'the sailor, the sailor!' when I am passing here."

"Do you strike this man for that?"

"Yes."

"But do not strike him, for it is forbidden."

"I strike him no more."

"Good," said the magistrate, "if he will strike or terrify the people with enormous voice, he will himself be an object of fear. Good-by. Do not continue here the other time!"

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